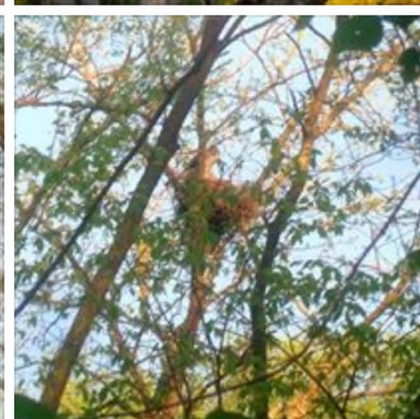
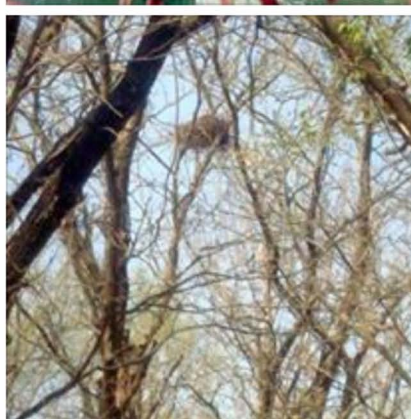
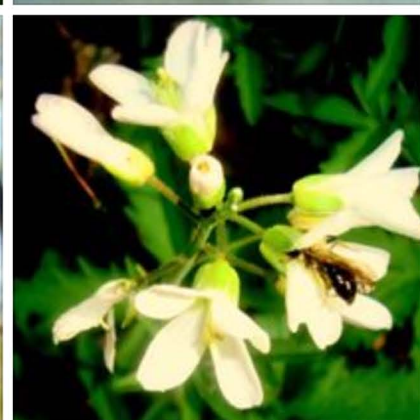
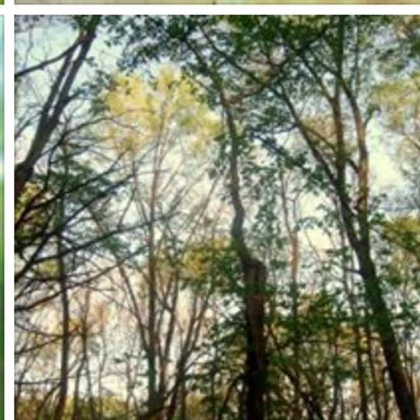
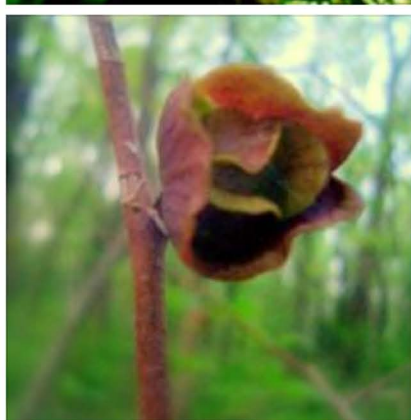
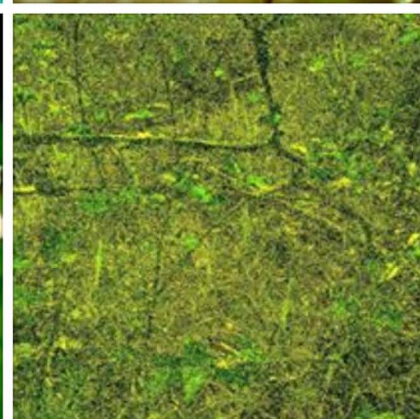
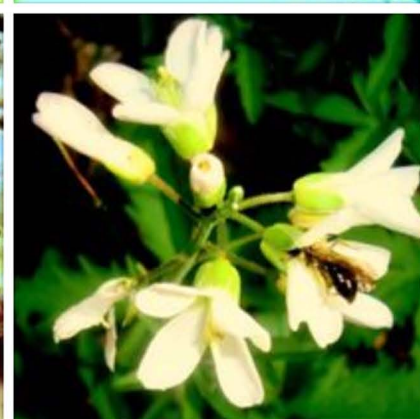
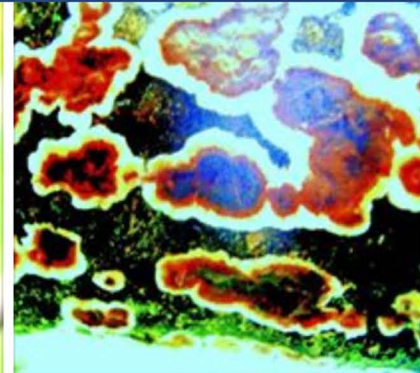


***The Collected  
Jacob Jesus Escape'***

***Works, Photographs, & Writings  
Frederic Jacob Gutknecht IV***







# ***The Collected Jacob Jesus Escape'***



## ***Works, Photographs, & Writings Frederic Jacob Gutknecht IV***

*Edited by Demolition Kitchen Media, 2023*

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Fred Gutknecht & Demolition Kitchen Media  
All rights reserved

Dear Mr. Aardwolf,

My new coat  
is hairy.

Sincerely,

Aba Cabretta







# KANSAS DAY

11  
dozen ←

22  
half dozen

33

Presidential  
terms

44  
x3

132 years ~~young~~

x34 th state

44 88

Piano Keys

Double Double

Toil and Trouble



To the Stars... Through Difficulty

Sunflower - State Flower

find the  
turtle in the museum  
(See under foot)

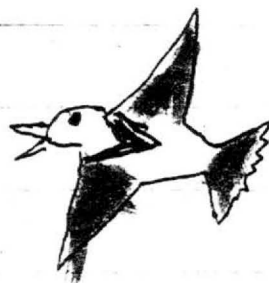
BOX TURTLE



(3) ventral  
plates

(hinged)

(4) legs





DEAR FREDERICKA,

I regret having to inform you by letter that your application to join THE SISTERS OF THE SPAZZY HEAD GEAR has been rejected. I'd like to reject your application in person. I realize that this is a major dissapointment for you as it is for any young woman of this universe, but frankly my dear that's tough.

Actually, we received no application from you and are extremely pissed. Any self-respecting chick would beg or even pay big bucks to join THE SISTERS OF THE SPAZZY HEAD GEAR, but you have rejected all of the psychic messages we have sent...for the last 25 million years!

Do you really think that you are too good to wear the chartreuse, puce, maroon and day-glow orange body paint of THE SISTERS OF THE SPAZZY HEAD GEAR? I would hope not!

I can't believe you would pass up this opportunity to serve your fellows. Just last week we, THE SISTERS OF THE SPAZZY HEAD GEAR, served martinis to the rodents at the WANED BRAIN HOME FOR RETIRED, MANGY CHIPMUNKS. You may have been given the prestigious job, reserved for the cutest novice, of snatching olive pits from those chipmunks with real teeth. I am sad to say that we didn't have enough sisters present to prevent many of the toothed, mangy, old rodents from chewing up and swallowing their olive pits. This resulted in several cases of severe gastro-intestinal upset. One of the recently retired chipmunks let out a tiny, yet piercing scream and vomited on my ruby slippers.

So, you can see that we do need help and I must say that we are still considering the possibility of allowing you to join our order. Please reapply soon. We, THE SISTERS OF THE SPAZZY HEAD GEAR, would be overjoyed to have you as a member. In fact, I personally guarantee that the honored title of cutest novice will be given to you upon your arrival at the convent.

...Actually, dear applicant, I am the last of THE SISTERS OF THE SPAZZY HEAD GEAR and I'm really quite lonely. I didn't mean to be harsh with you when I rejected your pitiful application to join our proud order....What I mean to say is that I excuse you for not applying and beg you to visit us soon at the convent...

That's...

THE CONVENT OF THE SISTERS OF THE SPAZZY HEAD GEAR  
Route 1  
Mayfield, Nebraska 66911

Yours Truly,  
Sister Guido Bertrill

Sister Guido Bertrill











the sky becomes a lens in human

hands

fantastic colors  
crowd into the picture  
everchanging gleaming  
vistas

red grows  
deep magically to ultra  
marine

violet heaven comes  
upon the greenest earth that's ever seen

By light of spring  
we choose our winter haven  
and fill it with our store of drying fruit.  
Many miles of trail we have been given  
to take the eye and hand on searching foot.

My mate and I do dry more every winter,  
soon to the rocks as dust we'll drift to stay.  
The fruit which we have saved  
will crack and splinter,  
sending up green shoots to meet springs day.

That haven we created for cold seasons  
now becons to new searchers, man and wife.  
The fruit we planted grows not for our reasons,  
but from the love we had of spring's new life.



# OPEN FLOOR NIGHT

AT RICHEY'S  
BARN

## APRIL 21

**Saturday**

**THIS IS THE LAST BARN NIGHT**

**DO YOUR: Poetry, Performance, Story,  
Dance, a scene with friends,  
Music or whatever you like.**

**Try to keep it under 15 min.  
( There'd no trap door or gong )**

**or Just Watch... ( really ... it's O.K. )**

**HOW DO I FIND THIS PLACE ?**

**Go East on 15th Street  
( about 2 miles east of Mass. St.  
It's the first house on the left  
Past the Double RR tracks.**

**For More Info, Contact Marcus Richey 843 -2521**

**Come out  
As the Sun Sets**

**B.Y.O.B. and a Candle**

**BECAUSE**

**POETRY**

**CONQUERS**

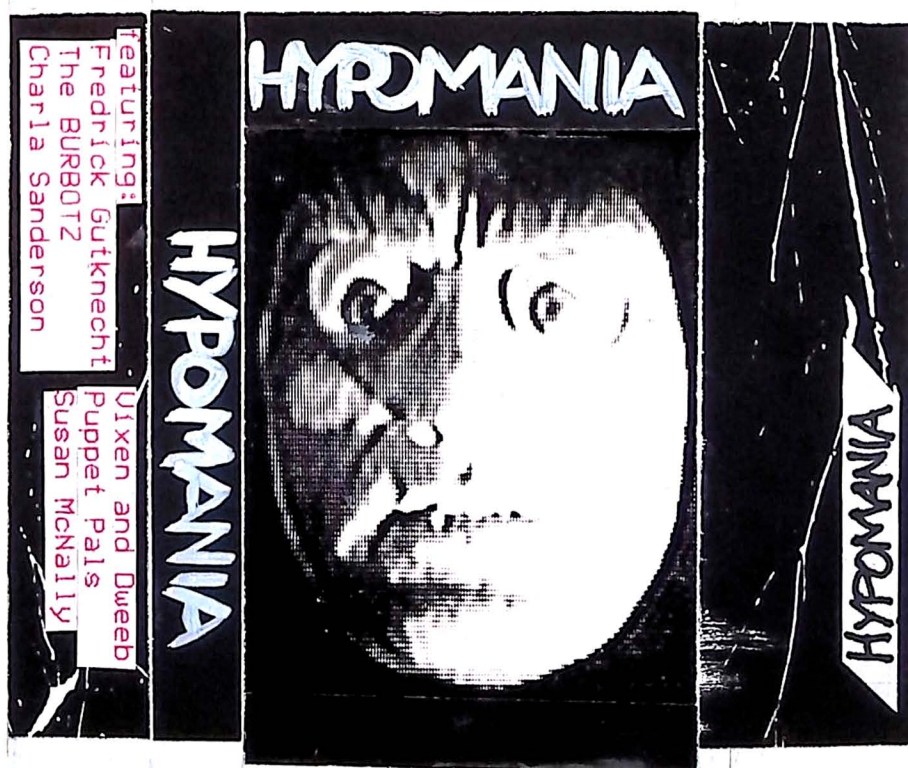
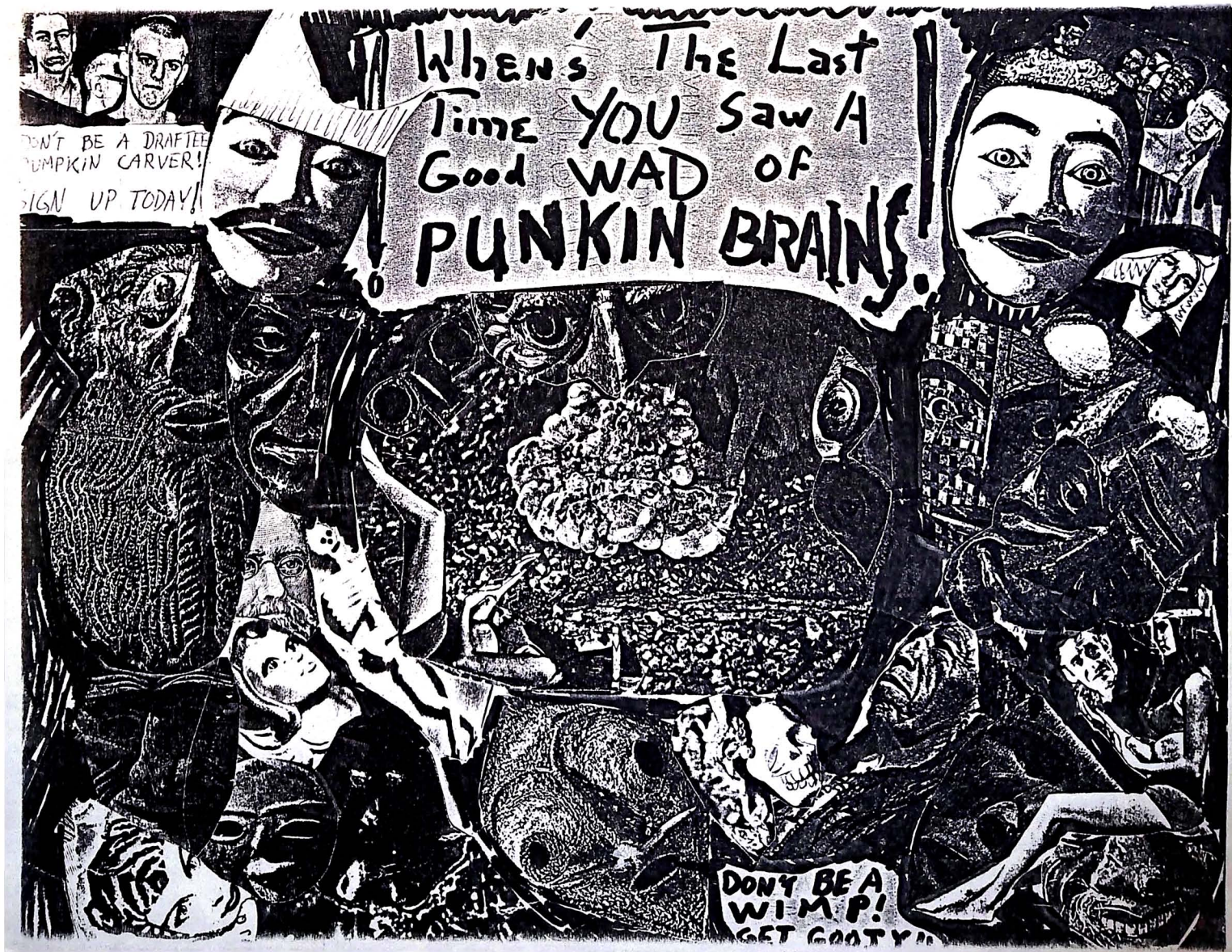
**BOREDOM**



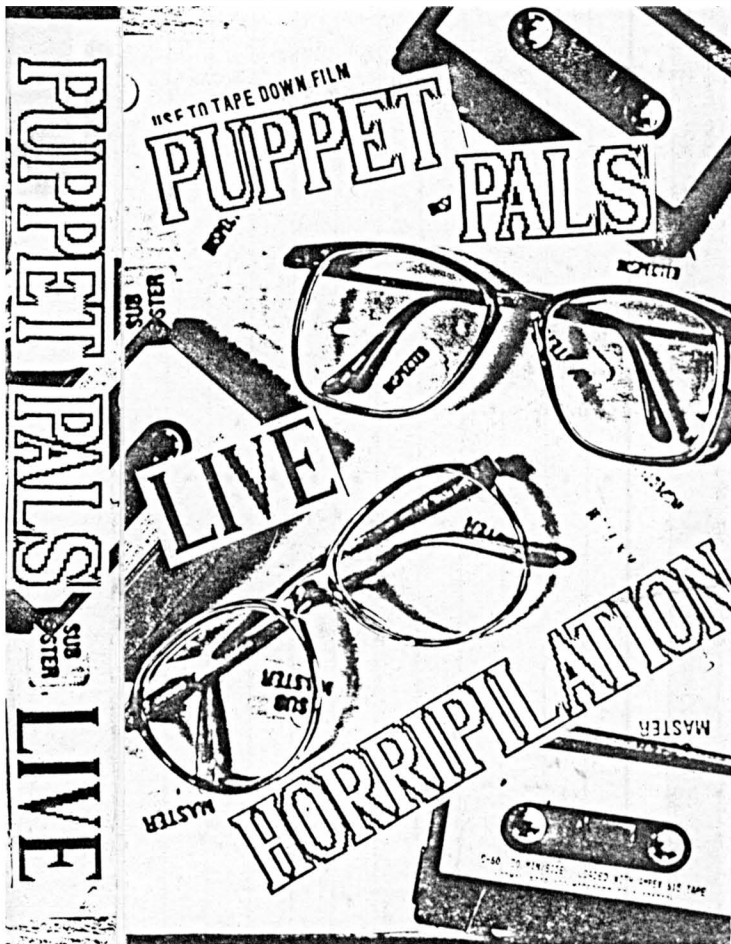
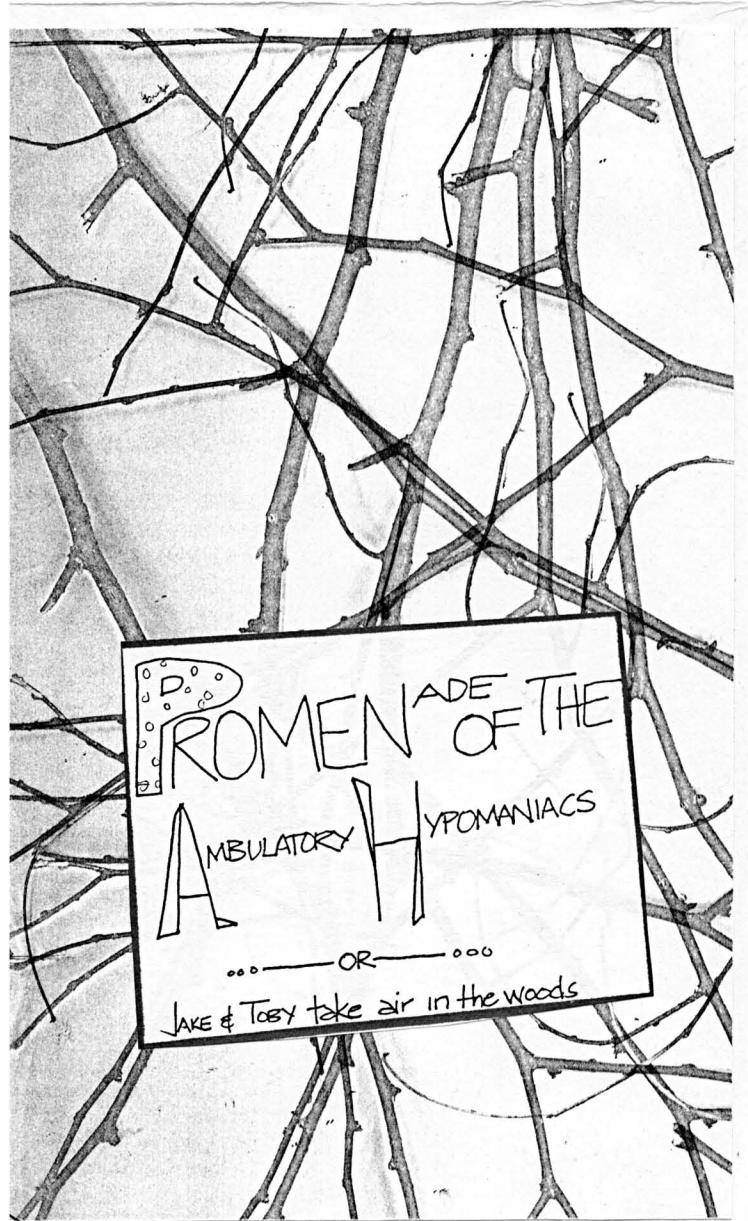
# **HYPOMANIA**

**A NEW COMPILATION  
TAPE FROM  
AUDIO JUNKFOOD  
FEATURING  
PUPPET PALS-JAKE  
THE BURBOTZ  
VIXEN AND DWEEB  
PLUS MUCH MORE  
-CALL 749-7500-**











**CORN Pie JAKE ESCAPE'**

**HYPOMANIA**

**DRY**  
**Heave**  
**ARIZONA**  
a HYPOMANIC  
WESTERN  
RADIO PLAY

by Jacob Jesus'  
Escape'

**CORN**  
**Pie**  
the  
poetry of

**Jacob**  
**JESUS'**  
**ESCAPE'**

**HYPOMANIA**

featuring:

Fredrick Gutknecht  
The BURBOTZ  
Charla Sanderson

Vixen and Dweeb  
Puppet Pals  
Susan McNally



# **JAKE of the WILDERNESS** **IN** **ACROSS the** **GREAT SAND DUNES**

**"BIGGER THAN  
'ISHTAR'!"**

**"BEWILDERING!"**

**"A MOTION  
PICTURE  
WITH HONEST  
HORRIPILATION!"**

**HYPOMANIC PICTURES PRESENTS:**  
**"ACROSS THE GREAT SAND DUNES"**  
**(ALSO KNOWN AS "DORKS OF THE DESERT")**

**STARRING - JACOB JESUS' ESCAPE' AS JAKE OF THE WILDERNESS**  
**COSTARRING - TOBY SAMBA GERKIN AS TOBY**  
**DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY SUSAN MACNALLY**











# Jacob's MIND REPAIR

Cerebral Antiseptic  
and AFTER SHAVE



when thinking hurts  
apply liberally  
to  
affected area

# Jacob's MIND REPAIR

Jake's famous Cerebral  
Antiseptic Tonic  
& After Shave Lotion  
has a distinguished  
40 year history.  
Unfortunately  
we can't remember  
most of it.  
Years of diligent research  
from schnapps to  
peppermint-gin resulted  
in this miracle tonic for  
all your mind repair needs.  
Just remember our slogan,  
"All who drink this are Jake"

HAPPY BIRTHDAY JAKE

We heard you was  
turnin' 4-D.  
(the other white meat of  
dimensions)



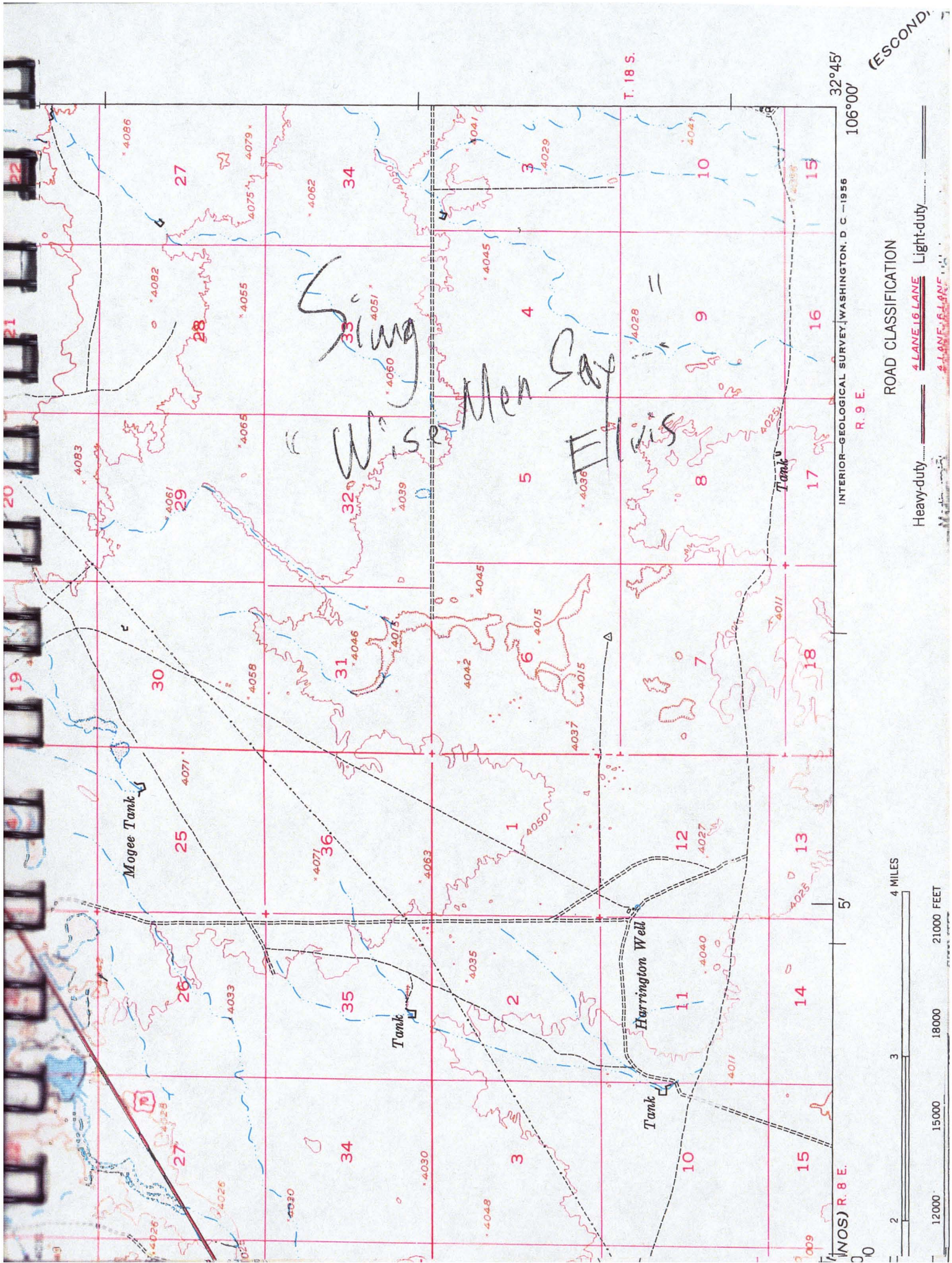
PUT THIS MUTHA ON...  
AND GET READY TO  
CLEAR THE DANCE FLOOR

## Special Computer Enhanced Version

Open this disc on your computer for the Complete Jake Escape<sup>®</sup>  
in MP3 format. Also contains three Quicktime videos featuring  
Jake, including "Jake of the Wilderness"









Let us take a moment or three  
to call and welcome the spirit  
and its many faces. Let us be  
not ashamed to weep the bitter-sweet  
tears... ~~those~~ of those who believe  
only what comes INTO their eyes  
and not the ~~side~~ of spirit which  
~~emerges from them~~ emerges ~~from them~~ in  
the presence of ~~visions~~... the wash  
of spirit is common here where  
light reigns and water is warmed by  
soul of our planetary body.

Not far away, flocks of corvine blue  
seek ~~the gifts of the forest~~... Minerals and the fruit of  
the pinón. Their blue color exists only in the...  
The light ~~ONLY~~ - gives them life. The soul only knows  
the soul. The soul rarely sees the light.



dad son...

without further ado  
let the party begin.





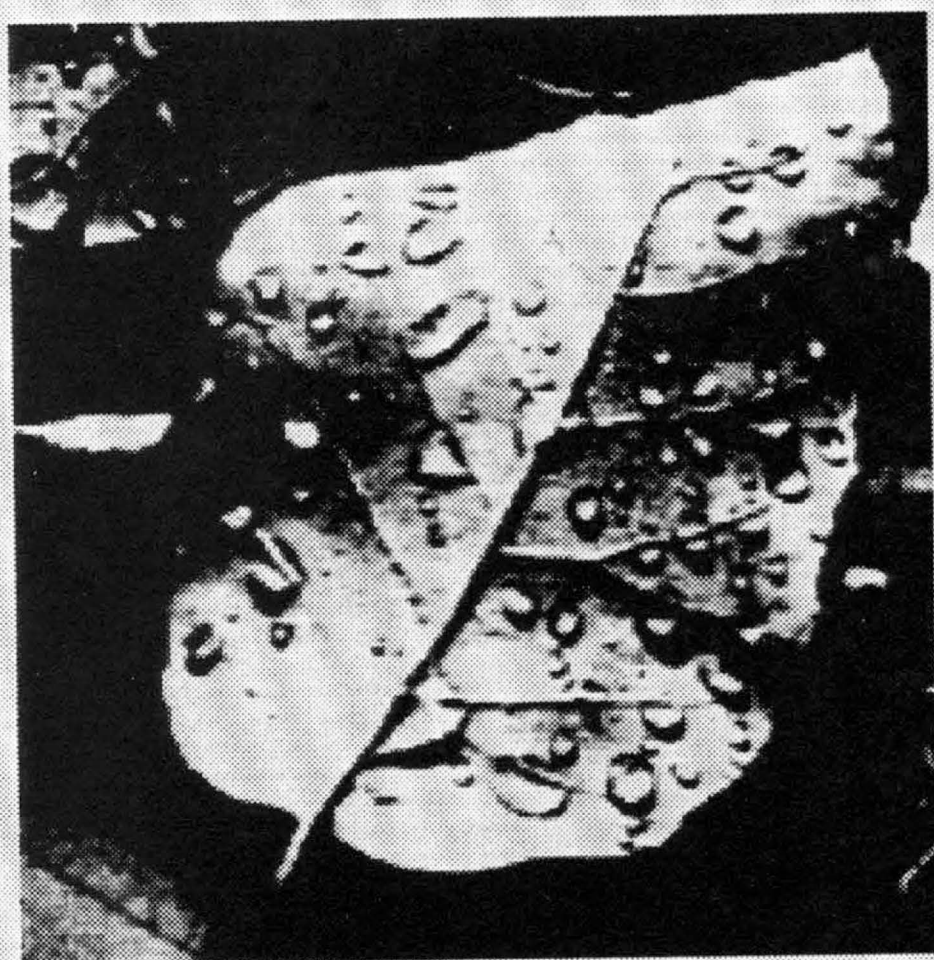












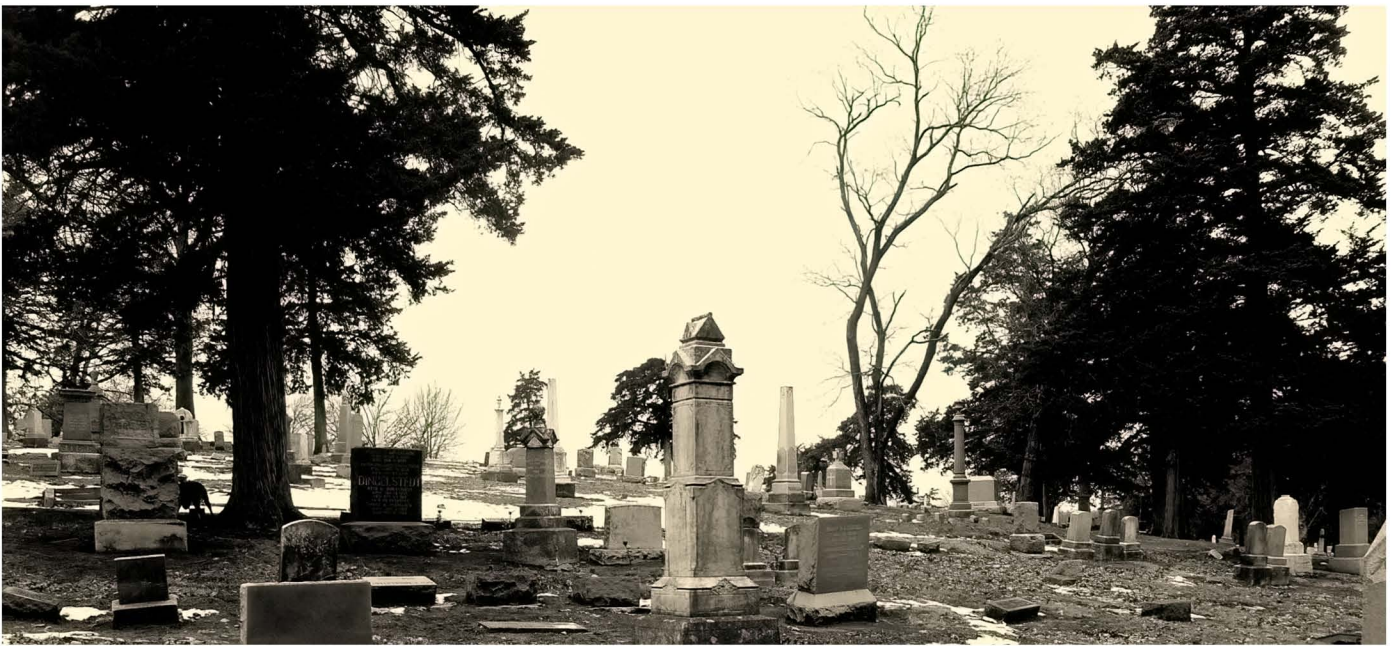


## Mailman Bites Horse

In a bizarre twist of teeth, a New Jersey mailman was impaled on a popsicle truck's stick-shift. The stick-shift at the town's Public Works building claimed ~~that~~ they had no knowledge of the event and a gold mine in East McKeastport, Maine. The mailman's new jersey was red anyway. It read "KILL ALL DOGS". Apple computers were immediately installed on the set of the old "Dick Van Dyke Show" ... we think, as it was supposedly in ~~a good show~~ New Rochelle (a good school district).

The <sup>mailman's</sup> stick-shift could not be reached for comment. This was reported by the mounted policeman whose horse was nipped ~~by the~~ horses ~~reported~~ wound required 4 stitches, and got 'em; but, before the mailman's teeth were removed. This festering tale might go on in perpetuity, which replaces the Dick Van Dyke show on channel 43 tonight. Click.







@

-

Dec. '88

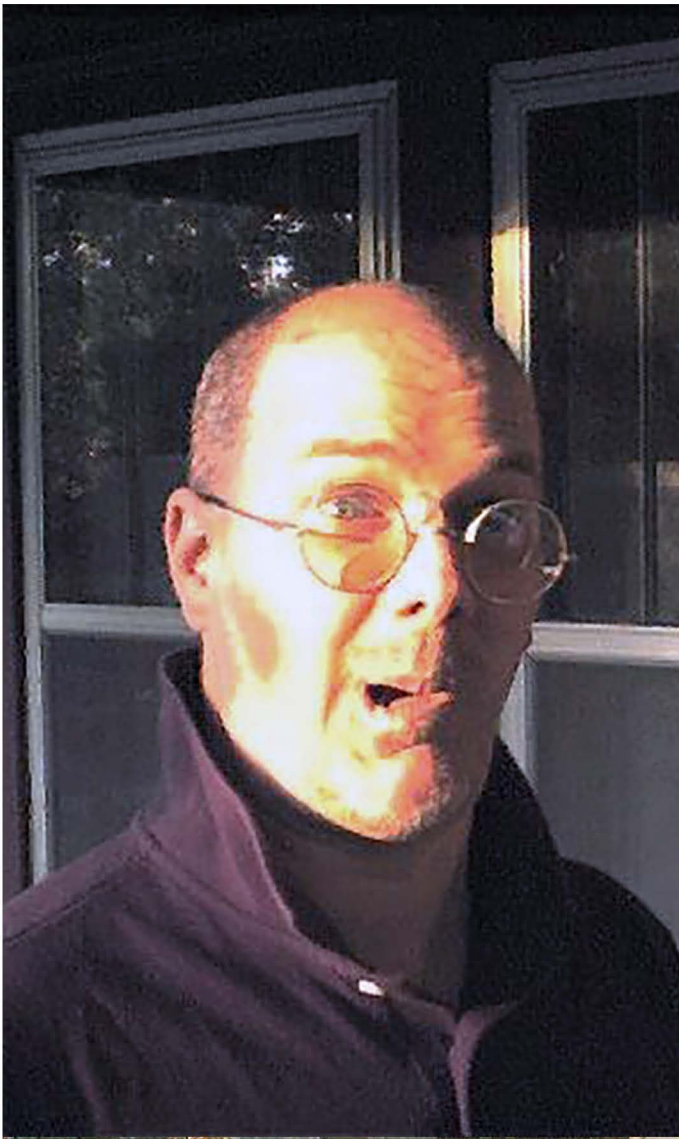
I'm building a visual language,  
too bad I'm asked to speak.

I'm learning a Picture language,  
but everyone uses words.

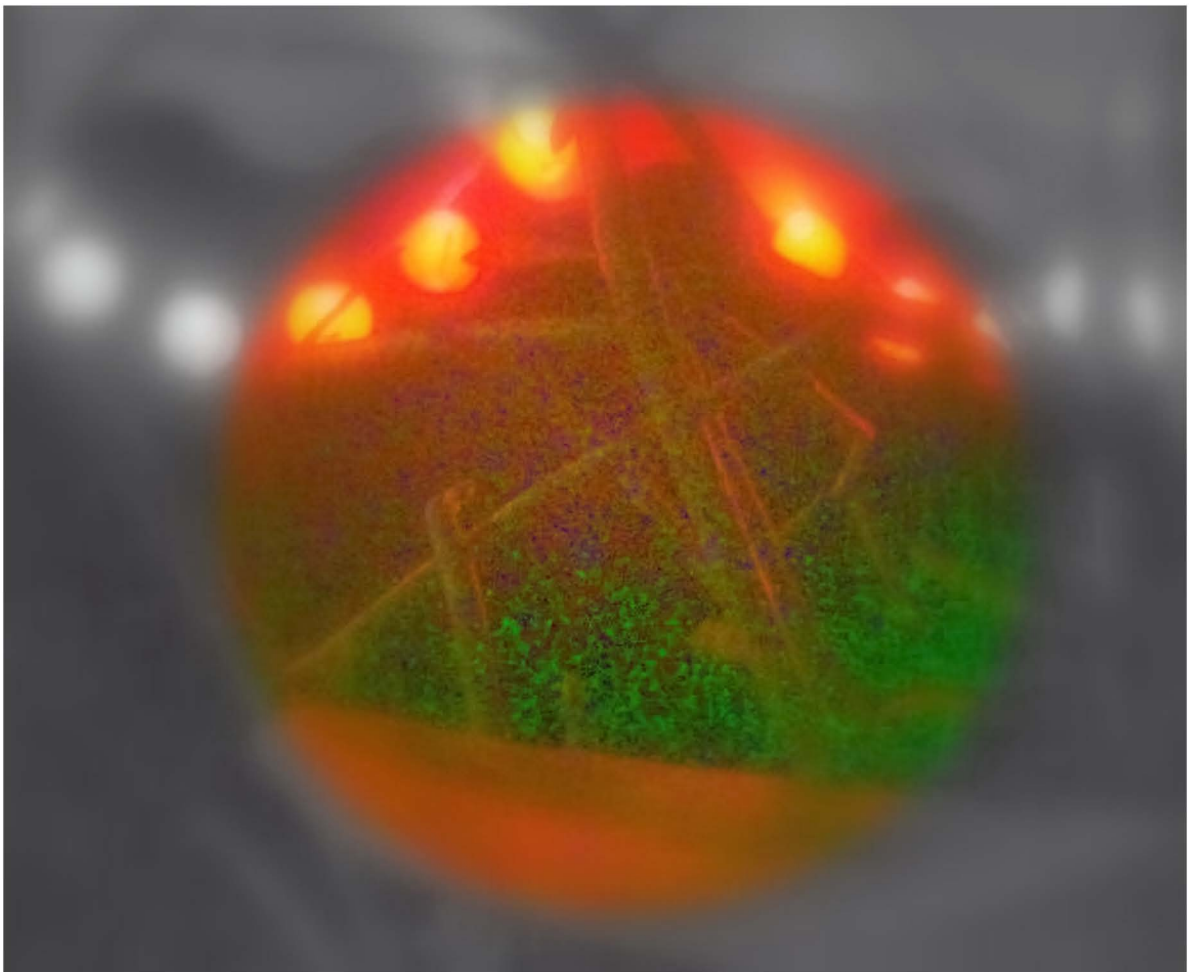
The words are getting easier.  
The reason for this is clear,

but I can only picture it and cannot write it  
here.











ALL I NEED  
IS  
ONE  
GOOD  
LINE  
LIKE  
IGNORANCE IS

...BLISS

### blameblame...it's dead

I sleep and the arm's not mine.  
I dream and my fingers are gone.  
I wake and the pen in my hand  
has written another word



CONgratuLAtionS!  
Ms Kristina Hermanson,

Your application for the position of Head Mind Repair Technician has been thouroughly gone over and we have decided to offer you the job.

Your application was, by far, the most clever and philosophically sound. Who else would send no paper record of past jobs and experience? Who else would not care one bit if they got the job or not, **knowing** that they were the best candidate? Who else would remain so calm in the face of such turmoil and strife? I refer to your volunteer work with the socially dyslexic, artistically abrasive, egoidstically perplexed and perplexing, multi-wierdoalitied "Joel S.", or whatever the HELL his name is.

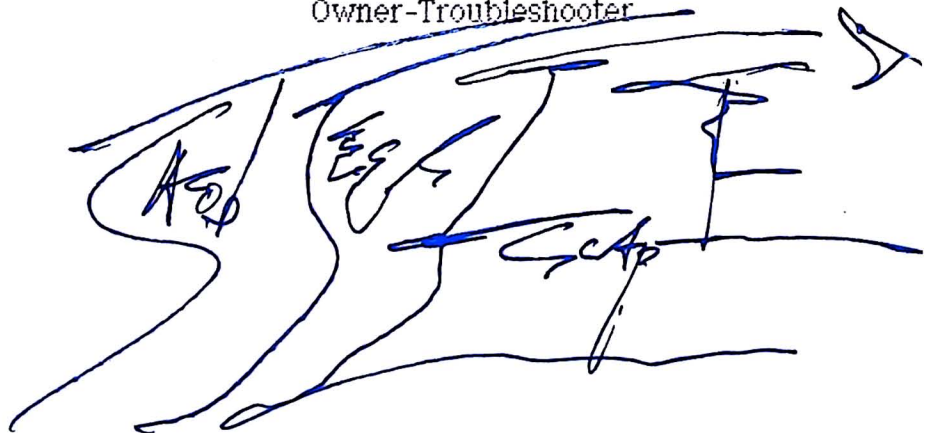
Your humanitarian efforts to humanize this strife-torn critter have not gone unnoticed. All of the technicians here at Jake's Mind Repair, Toby included, applaud your herculean efforts with this well-nigh hopeless, not quite hapless case.

We plead that you accept this position, realizing that your present salary and duties will change little. We at Jake's work, primarily, on one patient at a time, ourselves, but our technicians do consult on each other's cases and troubleshoot on strangers.

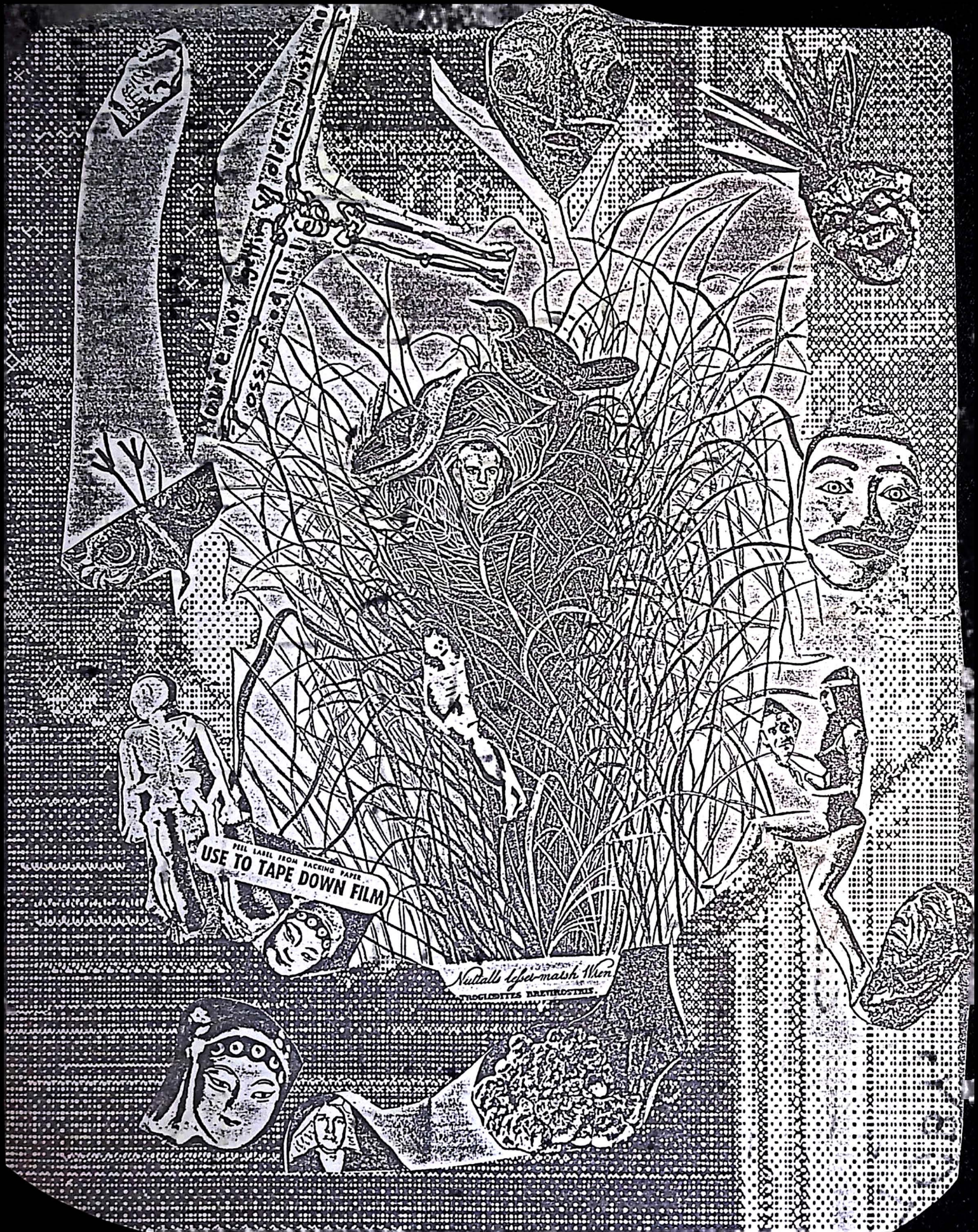
Of course, you know by now that we run a pretty darn bogus operation, and that we're offering you a title but no money, something that any self-respecting mind tech would turn down, so, hell, we're just **giving** you the job and the title whether you want it or not! Sure, you can leave town and go live alone in the mountains for fifty years, but you can't undo the good works you've done already, so you'll always remain our .....

***Chief Mind Repair Technician !***

Sorry,  
Jacob Jesus Escape  
Owner-Troubleshooter







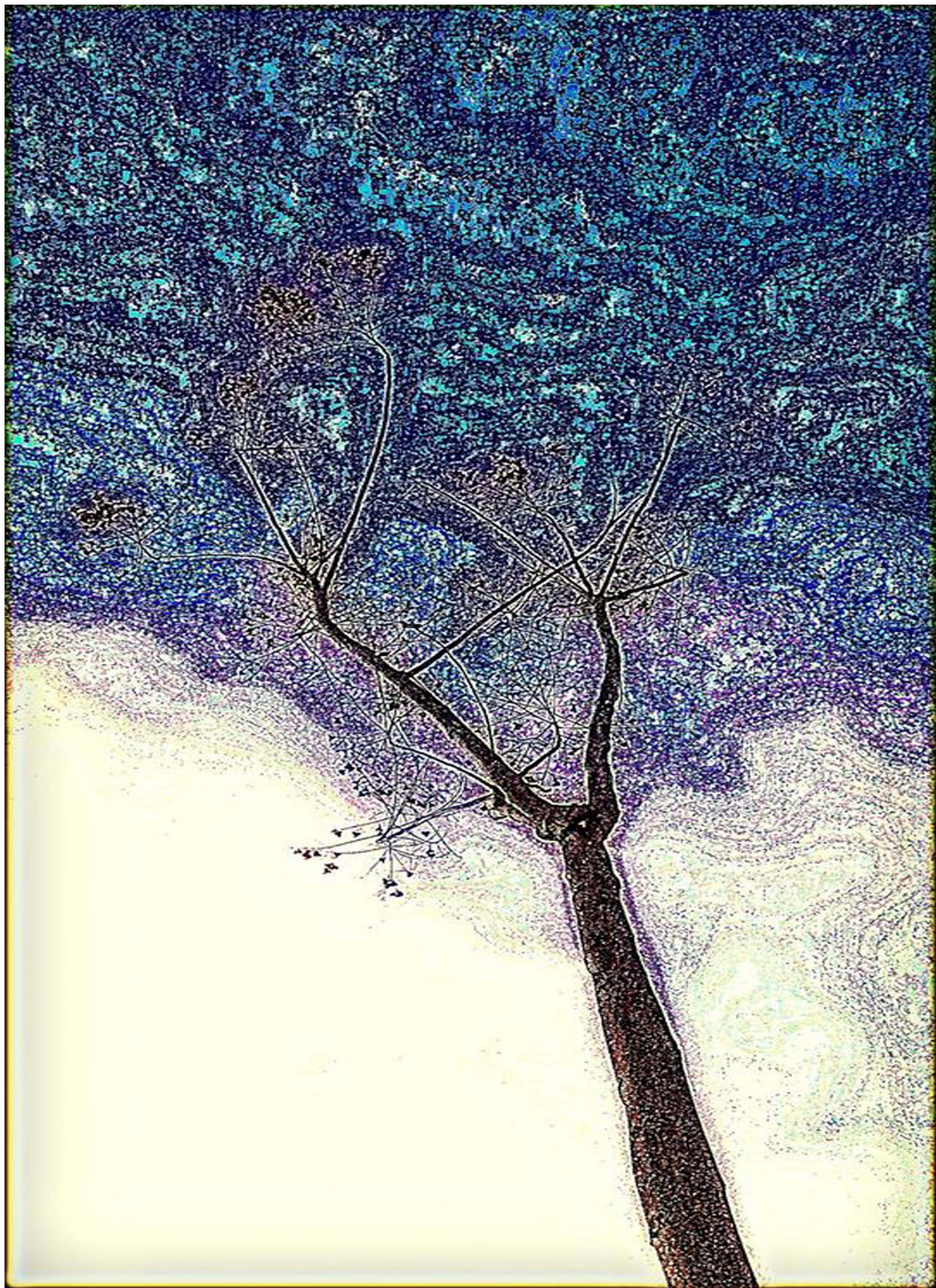
PEEL LABEL FROM BACKING PAPER  
USE TO TAPE DOWN FILM

Natural Leprosy Marsh, Wren  
PROCEEDING TO THE PROCEEDING





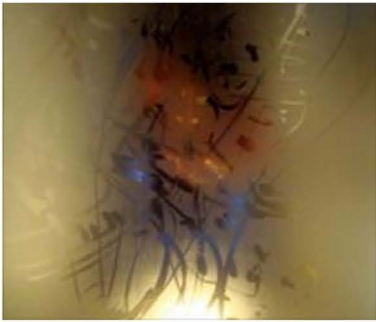






























The great dog ~~passed~~ ~~will~~ pissed down from the sky showing us a productive area with its stream. When we reached the valley of plenty our noses were full with <sup>powerful and</sup> a rich scent, ~~and~~ we saw the <sup>sky</sup> dog running ~~at~~ the west~~ern~~ wind. The fox, coyote and wolf followed the great dog ~~when our hunting animals left with the wolves~~ leaving their livelihood for us. Our hunting animals went with them <sup>and</sup> we were afraid for a time. We had followed their noses as they now followed sky dog... to ~~your~~ find life.

Kicking Rodent said they must go to a better land with game that combusts and cooks itself when frightened but Kicking Rodent is crazy and we love him. Killing Bird said they followed the Sky Dog to a place where thought fed. This seemed more likely, but we only knew that we must ~~set up our camp~~ <sup>make our home</sup> here, in the place Great Dog had shown us. We were frightened at the strong, musty odor of the place, ~~but~~ when we'd set up, <sup>camp</sup> a great driving rain came, ~~and~~ we squatted in our tents and ~~though~~ as we watched <sup>the</sup> fire, that the <sup>great</sup> aroma was ~~so good~~ <sup>so good</sup> a good diet,



that of one who eats rabbits ~~when~~ ~~on~~ with  
asparagus and onions. We also knew that the heavy rain  
would freshen the air. Noone examined the sky when  
thunder-bird called ~~out~~ gentle were the cooing  
rumbles, ~~that~~ we knew no danger was being foretold  
in her ~~flitting~~ flashes. The rhythm of thunder sent  
us dreaming into ~~our~~ new ~~expensive~~ land.

I am Corvidae. My name evokes laughter among my  
people and means something not ~~known~~ understood. The closest  
translation in this language is. Green Corn. ~~It's dark~~ ~~get it~~.  
When ~~we~~ woke up this morning, a strong urge summoned us  
into the fresh <sup>lighting</sup> ~~morning~~ trees. ~~A~~ tide of wind ~~staying~~  
rolling through the spruce washed our minds clean. Only  
when the wet needles summoned forth the pungent odor  
of our urine mixing with that of the sky dog did we  
realize ~~that~~ we were in our new home. Every morning with  
fresh ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> historic...Religious.

"What is the relevance?" asked Goose Dog.

He asked this as we <sup>came</sup> gathered around Kicking Rodent's burnt  
tent. Kicking Rodent was dead. Black-faced and smiling with  
pearl teeth in his smoking buffalo robe, we each bent over his



We fried the grass. It was very good, <sup>better than</sup> rabbit. We became Grosouts, the Indian word for vegetarians. Deer showed us which twigs were crispy and sweet. The woodchucks showed us where the Bethlehem Broccoli grew, or something like that. Squirrels, stuffed with nuts, fed from the trees.. regurgitating a nutritious butter. Life was good.

Occasionally we would eat an animal that was so fat it could no longer move, but mostly we ate the abundant and succulent undergrowth and became well nourished.

Life was good but something was missing. The thrill of the chase, the danger of being eaten or starving was gone. We were bored and invented ~~ART~~<sup>in a way</sup>, this is the Indian word for thinking about things that ~~very~~ pisses ~~us~~ off nerds. It was great fun, but Goose Dog moved away.

When this happened a great storm came and our hunting dogs returned. The howl of the wolf returned and the land became brown. We still found Bethlehem Broccoli, ~~but~~ but became omnivores again and nomads, travelling under the dog sky and waiting for the brief art time to come again.

This time we would be ready to show.







